

Memoirs
of the CIVIL
WAR

ABEL C. STELLE
NEW ALBANY, IND.
1864

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Abel. C. Stelle

*Private of Co. A,
31st Reg. Wis. Vol. Inf.*

1861 TO 1865.



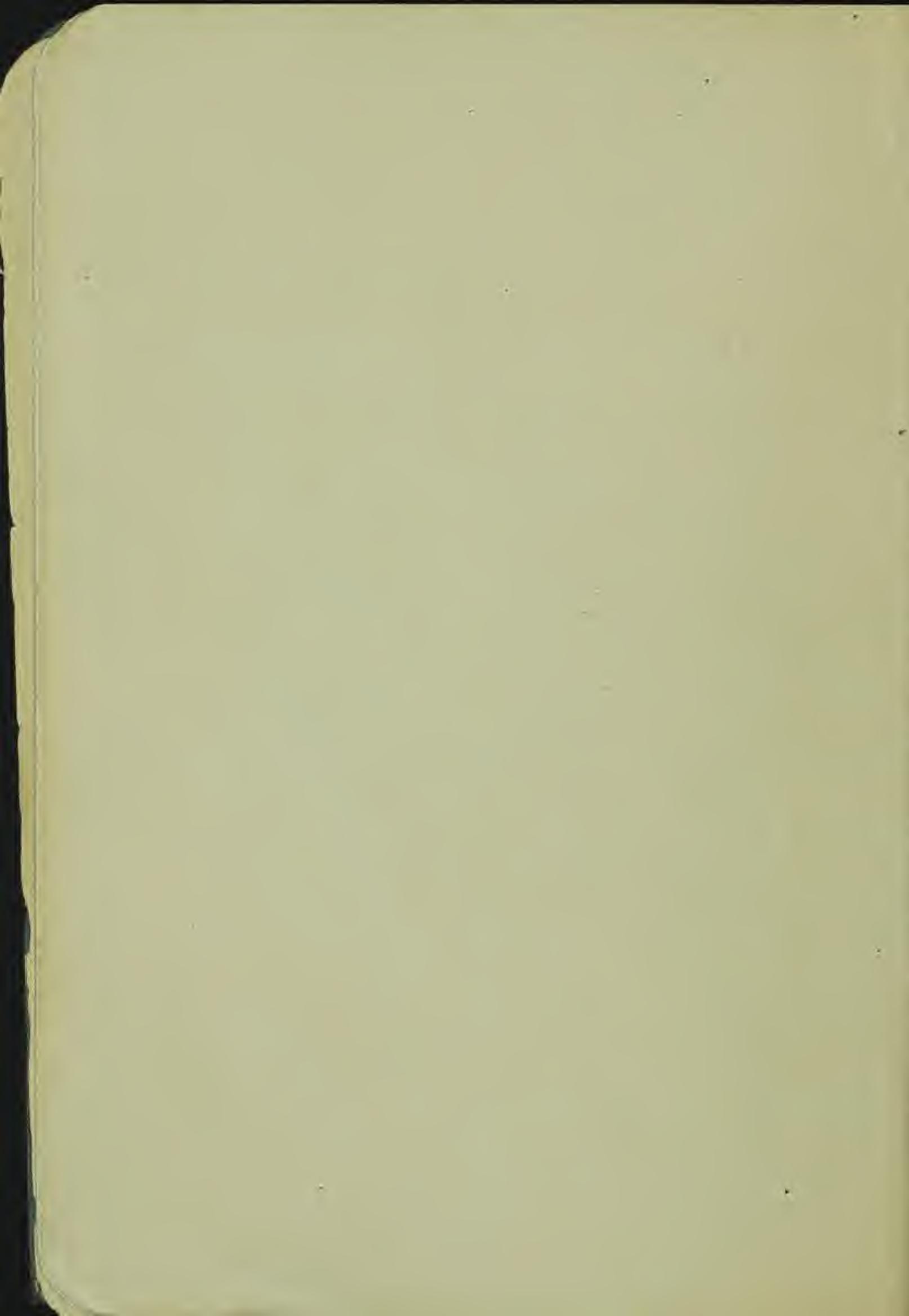
Memoirs of the Civil War.



The 31st Regiment
Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry,
by ABEL C. STELLE.

Comrades and Friends :

In presenting to you this record of my military life and of the time I passed in the service of the Government, I have done it with the hope that my efforts will be appreciated by you. My desire has been to make this a record which I can leave behind me after I am gone, to those who may come after me. I have done my best to make it reliable and correct. There may be mistakes in it, doubtless there are, but the general statements are correct. I know I have too much feeling for those lads who with us marched through Dixie to do anything to give them pain.



ABEL CLARKSON STELLE

ENLISTED in the service of his country August 14, 1862, and will endeavor to give you a brief sketch of his Army life in detail, as the days, months and years passed by, and in writing shall try to give you a very clear idea of Army life while in camp; but before going into detail, will state for future reference, the place where I was born and spent my boyhood days, which was on the banks of that beautiful river Huron, with its winding stream coming into the little city of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, State of Michigan, from the northwest.

At this place I was born on April 30th, 1842, spending my boyhood days until I was nineteen. When, with my bride, I went as far west as Prairie Du Chein, Wis., where I went on a farm with my father, thirty-three miles north of Prairie Du Chein. I lived here sixteen months, and on August 12, 1862, I said to my wife and parents: Now there is a call for 300,000 more men and I can not stay any longer. My country needs me and I must go. Four others from my neighborhood went with me to Prairie Du Chein, leaving six men for work in the township, and they were too old to go, so they stayed at home to care for the homes that had been left—with wife and children to chop the wood, plow the soil and put in the crops.

Yes, my aged mother, who to-day is past ninety years of age can look back upon the days from '61 to '65 and say: I drove the cattle to the plow; I hoed corn and potatoes; I have made hay, and followed the husband and raked and bound up the grain that he would cut.

Nothing was too hard for the wives and mothers to do during the dark days of '61 to '65, who after all the toil of the day would at night pick lint and make bandages which was sent to the front to bind up the wounded. Little did all these mothers know, but what she was making the same for her boy—he may be to-night, she would say, lying upon some battlefield, wounded and bleeding, perhaps dying. Imagine the thoughts, friends, of a dear wife or a dear mother that had parted with her companion, and a mother that had sent her last boy, after husband and two sons had fallen upon the battlefields of the southland in order to save this country of ours.

I have only given you an outline of what the wives and mothers did in the days of '61 to '65, and will now go on from the date of my enlistment at Prairie Du Chein, Wisconsin. We walked thirty-three miles, and on August 14th we enlisted for three years or during the war. The officer said to me, you look pretty thin, but I guess you will do to stop a ball. I said all right. It was true I was thin. I had cut, nine days before, twenty-seven acres of grain and my father bound it up. I was then in my prime. The four and myself had permission to go home and return about the 25th of August. I enlisted in Company A. 31st Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry; went into camp at old Fort Crawford, where the Indians many years ago

made their camping ground. It was a large stone fort, the wall was in some places eight feet high and surrounded some three acres of ground as near as I can now remember—on the side facing the Mississippi river was a long barracks, and if all could be told that was done here in different ways, it would make a large book.

While my regiment was here in camp some little incidents occurred, such as one man, who was tired of soldiers' life, one day started to cut his throat with a table knife; he wanted to go home to his *ma*—he made a very poor *job* of it but went home to his *ma*. Then another scene was before us quite often—one of the boys of my company, Bob Wilson, was a kind hearted man and was always ready to give a helping hand to any comrade, but he had one great failing—he always liked his bowl as he called it, and he would go out of camp almost every night between the hours of eight and nine o'clock; he never would run the guard line. Bob was a butcher by trade and there was a very large *hog* used to come into camp about 8 P. M. Bob had fed the swine near the line and would pet it, and when he wanted to go out in town he would wait until the swine would come when he would feed it and then jump on its back and the swine would start for up-town, and the guards could not halt the swine, and many used to wonder how Bob got his bowl filled up so often. Poor Bob, the last I heard of him he was taking his bowl the same old way.

So the days went on and the last of October was near at hand and we had orders to move and take winter quarters at Camp Utley, Racine, Wis., on the shore of beautiful Lake

Michigan. Why we were stationed here for the winter I knew not and never did know. The boys all thought it a very strange move for a regiment the size of the 31st Wisconsin. In those days we had to obey orders. Soon the snow began to fall. Our Col., I. E. Messmore, was a fine drill master, and if at any time in your life you ever stood on the banks of that beautiful lake, when the snow was from one foot to eighteen inches deep, and the weather man marked it fifteen below zero, you can imagine our regiment, in round numbers 1100 men, officers and all on batallion drill for two hours, and dress parade in the afternoon. He would make us do all movements on *double quick*, then he would make us many brave speeches and ask us if we would follow him to the *cannon's* mouth. Of course we were all anxious and said *we will*—but you will see later how near he went to the *cannon's* mouth.

On February 28th, 1863, as the Colonel had the regiment on dress parade, he said: If there is one or more who does not want to go South, step two paces to the front. One came to the front—his head was shaved, a pair of wooden shoes put on his feet and dressed in an old suit of citizen's clothes. The band played the *rogues' march* until he had passed the guard lines of Camp Utley.

There were many incidents which I will mention. One of our boys caught cold and lost his voice and could not do guard duty, for he could not halt the enemy. He was put in hospital to wait on sick. As he was making a fire one night, he stepped on a coal of fire and, kind readers, you can imagine what he would say, for he was a man that said awful bad words some-

times, and all this time he was playing off, so later on he *deserted* and they never tried to find him.

So you see we had in camp some very pleasant hours. While at times sad thoughts would come to us—thinking of loved ones at home and the “girl I left behind,” but at this time we had orders to pack up and board the train on March 1st, which we did at 12:30 noon. Arriving at Freeport, Illinois, we took the Illinois Central Railroad, and at Bloomington one of Company B. boys fell under the cars and had one leg cut off. He was sent home from here and got his discharge.

Tuesday, March 3rd, we arrived at Cairo, Ill., where we boarded the boat and landed at Columbus, Ky., opposite the old battlefield of Belmont.

This is March 4th, 1863. One year ago this date the rebels evacuated Columbus, Ky. We camped in Fort Hallack on the hill above the city, and my regiment guarded the city and the prison containing some three hundred Confederates, and also the surrounding country.

On March 24th we laid to rest, on the hill above the city, one of the four that went with me to enlist, A. P. E. Vaughan.

On April 2nd, the 25th, 27th, 31st, and 34th regiments Wisconsin Volunteers was inspected by General Thomas, U. S. Inspector. Now we were doing garrison duty in and around Columbus, Ky.

June 6th, about midnight, while I was on picket duty, about half a mile from camp on the banks of the Mississippi river, I saw a light. It proved to be the light of the boat Ruth which was on fire. She was heavily loaded with about four hundred

head of cattle,—most of these swam ashore, but the boat burned to the water's edge.

On June 7th, near midnight, the long roll was sounded and such a hustle you never saw, for it was expected by all of us that Joe Wheeler or Morgan was coming in our camp. We had one, Isaac Johnson, who was very timid and never was feeling right well; always complaining; no appetite, but he could eat all his rations of bacon of one pound or more at dinner. Well, when this call came, Isaac came out of his tent very much excited, with nothing on but his shirt and vest, tallow candle in one hand and butcher knife in the other, no cap on, and said to the captain—if I should get killed in this fight, tell my wife that I died in a good cause and died standing at my post—but Isaac was still living twenty-five years after this false alarm was sounded.

On June 9th, a part of the Ninth Corps, General Burnside, came down the river on their way to Vicksburg. This corps was called the wandering corps because it fought battles in seven different states.

On Saturday, July 4th, at 4 a. m., Vicksburg was surrendered to General U. S. Grant. That was a glorious day for the same day Gettysburg, Pa., was also surrendered, and that was the turning point of the rebellion, for up to this date we can all remember that this was the first real victory our army had gained. From now on we drove the Confederates before us like the prairie grass before a fire. They did not stop going until the grand surrender at Appomattox.

On August 20th, our Col., I. E. Messmore, went to Illinois

with his wife for his health and never came back, so you see how near he came to the cannon's mouth. He may have been a very brave man, but he never showed it in the 3rd Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. Then our Lieutenant Colonel, J. H. West, was made Colonel, and a braver man never drew a sword.

On September 4th, 1863, at 12:30, our regiment was marched to an open field on the hill above the city, where they had built a scaffold for the purpose of executing three negroes who had murdered a family of five—one infant they took by the feet and dashed its brains out against the house. They were taken from the prison and were placed in a wagon containing three boxes—each one sat on his box. As they were placed on the scaffold they were asked if they had anything to say—they said no. The black cap was placed over their faces and the spring touched and all three fell. My regiment was formed in a hollow square around the scaffold,

September 9th, our Major, W. J. Gibson, died. The regiment missed him. He was a dear friend to all the boys

September 24th, orders came to report to Louisville, Ky.

Saturday night, September 26th, the regiment arrived at New Albany, Ind., where all marched to the city market, corner Pearl and Market streets, and there we found many long tables, all filled with the things for the inner man, and if you ever saw a spread, that was one. Then, best of all, was the kind, true-hearted, patriotic ladies of New Albany who were there at that late hour of night with coffee urns and buckets filled with the best of coffee, and each one had a kind word for the boys, and

all wished us God speed after every one had their fill, and two o'clock had come and it was Sunday morning the 27th. We were marched to a place, but I can not tell where, to rest until day came. Then little did I think that in forty years from then I would be in New Albany, a citizen, and in the ice cream business—this tells us that little we know to-day where we will be to-morrow, but I for one shall never forget the 26th of September, 1863, or how the ladies met us with their baskets filled.

Sunday about noon we crossed the Ohio river on pontoons to Portland, where we formed in line and marched through the country to Louisville, some two miles, for in those days there was several fields of corn between Portland and Louisville.

We reached the Nashville Railroad Depot at Tenth and Broadway, at 8 p. m., Sunday. We were all nicely in our palace cars with side doors, which we had in those days—they were very convenient for the traveling public, and at that time we had no conductors except those who conducted the brakes. No conductor to come through the cars and yell at the top of his voice, "Tickets! Wake up! Tickets." All was quiet except the musical voices of the boys. Now, as we were on the train and passing many little towns on our way to Nashville, I well remember the town of Bowling Green, Ky., as the train had to side track for the express to pass, and any old soldier can well imagine what we got there as they refused to sell to the Union soldiers.

On Monday we reached Nashville, Tenn., and went in camp at Fort Negley—here we were for one week when orders

came for us to fall in, and was ordered to Lavergne, Tenn., fifteen miles, and make it as quickly as possible. We were four hours making the place, and then it commenced to rain and we had no tents—was five days in the rain. We would eat, drink and sleep with our clothing wet all the time. That was the only time I was ever homesick while in the southland, yet with all these unpleasant places and days we spent, we had the best of times, and during these years we were getting that big pay from U. S.—\$13.00 per month. If we had a bill of \$4.00 to pay and it had to be paid in gold, it would have taken the whole \$13.00 in greenbacks to have paid the \$4.00, and now Northern copper heads will say we ought to be satisfied and should not receive any pension—we got enough. It is true they stayed at home because they were cowards and had a better thing at home, cheating and swindling the war-widows and their children who had been left to care for farm work, shop, store, and whatever business was left behind.

Again I will say the brave wives and aged mothers had it harder than the husband or sons that went from home.

Now it has come to October 25th. We left Lavergne and marched to Murfreesboro, Tenn. On the 27th I was detailed to guard a bridge about three miles on the railroad, and so we did duty in this way, and on December 7th I was again detailed to guard a train that was ditched. Now came the close of the year, and on the morning of December 31st, 1863, I came off guard and it commenced to get cold. The boy who took my place came off duty on January 1st, 1864, that coldest New

Years in history. His feet and hands were frozen. It will be long remembered by the boys of '61 to '65.

Sunday, March 13th, 1864, my captain came to my tent and handed me my furlough and told me I could go home for thirty days. I never was so surprised in my life for I never expected it, and at noon I left for home, or where my wife and child was—Grand Rapids, Mich. I will assure you I was glad to see home and loved ones, but as the time came near for me to return to my regiment, the saddest hour of my life was when I kissed that little one and the dear companion goodbye, for from the situation of my regiment we expected to be sent to the front on my return, but only through the Providence of God that we were not until in July. I said good-bye and left all that was near and dear to me. I did not see my parents on my furlough home.

I returned to my regiment and was very lonesome but was again detailed to guard railroads. We were at Christiana, where the bush-whackers would raid in occasionally. We built our block houses and was to patrol the railroad to Duck River Bridge.

Many old comrades will remember this place. June 7th, was ordered back to Murfreesboro, from there to Nashville, Tenn., and went in camp on June 9th.

On June 17th, there was five bush-whackers hung in the prison, and on the 20th I was detailed as permanent guard at General Rousseau's Headquarters. Comrade General Rousseau was a true patriotic soldier, and was a good officer to the men who were under him. To-day his body lies in Cave Hill

Cemetery, and some five years ago I was at the unveiling of his monument.

On July 12th, I was detailed to go to Louisville, Ky., with prisoners. We arrived at Louisville at 5 a. m. After breakfast we went around the city, and in the afternoon we went to the circus out East End Broadway.

On Saturday the 16th, orders came for us to pack our knapsacks and report at Chattanooga, and at this place our regiment was assigned to the 3rd Brigade 1st Division 20th A. C. After leaving Chattanooga we were sent by railroad to Marietta, Ga., near Kennesaw Mountains. This was July 20th. We crossed the Chattahoochee River and marched to Peach Tree Creek, and was just in time to have a hand in the battle.

On the 22nd, we marched in front of Atlanta, Ga. General Hooker said he could have taken the city on that afternoon, but was not allowed to make the attack and he had to halt. I do believe he could have gone into the city for the entire force of Johnnies was on the east side of Atlanta, and made their attack on General McPherson's command, and on that day the fatal shot was fired and did its sad work, and that spot has been marked by monument and also barracks. The memory of General McPherson will always remain in the minds of the comrades. His loss was greatly felt by the entire army.

Prisoners who came into our lines said that their force was small, only a guard to watch the city, but when we were ordered to halt there we commenced to throw up works to keep us from the sight of the enemy, which we did with our tin plates and bayonets. With timbers from an old distillery we made works

that protected us from shot and shell, and when we were placed on guard or picket, we were stationed on our post at 10 o'clock at night, for the picket line was only about 500 yards from that of the Johnnies, and when once on our post of duty we had to stay there twenty-four hours, and it was so plain to the Johnnies that we had to lay in a trench about three feet deep. Dared not show our heads until about four weeks, when one day, while the Johnnies were talking to some one of us in the trench, they said, Yanks, come out, we won't shoot youens—but we hardly dare trust them. They said, Yanks come out and when our officer of the day comes we will halloo—lay down, Yanks, for we are a-going to shoot. We would no more than get in our trenches when they would blaze away—then when the officer of the day would get there he would say, how is everything. Oh, you bet, we are giving the Yanks —.

You know, after the officer would go on they would say, come out, Yanks, youens got any coffee—weans got some tobacco—will give youens one plug of tobacco for some coffee. We would then meet half way and change coffee for tobacco, and they would bring us a daily paper, the Atlanta Constitution. We had nice times after they compromised.

Many more incidents I could tell but have not the time or space, but on the night of August 25th we moved to the rear six miles to the Chattahoochee River—was there until September 4th, Sunday morning, when all were going to church, and bells were tolling Atlanta was ours. We were then doing picket duty, and some foraging in and around Lost and Stone Mountains and Decatur. At this time Atlanta was as near as I

can remember, some twelve or fifteen thousand—but now after thirty-nine years, has increased to ninety or one hundred thousand.

On October 19th, I was one of a small detail to go foraging and while out some twenty miles was hurried to the swamp by twelve mounted bush-whackers, and after they left us we came out and got one cask of molasses, one yoke oxen, and went to camp. We had no further trouble on that day—got to camp after midnight.

On November 8th we had election, 494 votes cast—Lincoln received 424; McClelland 70. Wisconsin gave her soldiers the right to vote in camp and some of the other States did the same. There was some who had permission to go home while others could not vote at all.

November 15th we left Atlanta for good. We went out by Lost Mountain and through a small town called Decatur. The country was beautiful at this season of the year. After we got in camp we could see the city of Atlanta burning, where the troops had been detailed to destroy all the machine shops and railroad buildings, and also those buildings that were used by the Confederacy.

So we pass on, and on November 19th we came to that beautiful little city of Madison, sixty-five miles south-east of Atlanta. This was a beautiful country, very little rolling and fine farm land. Madison was a place built up mostly by retired planters. Their residences were mostly left and cared for by their servants while the planters were in the Confederate army, and as we passed through the city some five hundred colored men,

women and children flocked to us and said they were going with Massa Lincum men, and we had to tell them that they must not go with us but go back, but they asked, whare are youens all goin'. Massa said youens had horns like the Devil but weans can not see them. So we went in camp about six miles from Madison. This city was on the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad. Sunday and Monday we marched and on Tuesday, November 22nd, we crossed the beautiful river Oconee on pontoons, as the Johnnies had burned the bridge to delay the Union troops, but Uncle Samuel had provided for the troops so only a short time elapsed before we were all across the river. It was wonderful how quickly the bridge could be put down.

After we crossed the bridge we went in camp in Milledgeville, Ga., at that time the capital of Georgia, (but now Atlanta,) a very pretty place but very old-fashioned. Here we got lots of Confederate money. I have now \$28.00 that I got there, worth nothing only to keep for the present generation.

Some might ask where we got our rations. Why, dear readers, after the first day's march from Atlanta we foraged from the country. We lived fine. I will say now that right here near Milledgeville we had plenty. Just think of Sherman's army, some 80,000 strong. All these men foraged from the country—they would forage a space of from sixty to seventy-five miles wide. We always had plenty, such as pork running wild, sweet potatoes, beans, molasses, honey, and as fine peach brandy as ever was put to the lips of man.

November 26th, we passed Sandersville and Tenneville. We tore up several miles of the Atlanta and Savannah Railroad.

November 27th we passed Davidsboro. The 28th we came to the station called Spice's Turnout. We also tore up the railroad again—almost every day we did the same work. This country here was not very desirable to live in, as near as I can remember, a poor farming country. After crossing the bridges the rear guard would most always burn them.

Well December 2nd I was sent out foraging. We got bacon, beans, pork, potatoes and goover peas—in the North we call them peanuts. This day we crossed the Ogeechee River, a very pretty stream.

Saturday, December 3rd, we crossed the Savannah and Augusta Railroad. We got flour and meal. We came to an old mill and found it had been lately run by the Johnnies and there was some wheat and corn there. We had good millers with us and we stayed there until they ground the grain, loaded wagons, cleaned the mill, then set fire to it.

This is the section of Georgia where the fine Georgia pine timber comes from—some of the finest pine trees I ever saw—some said to be one hundred feet high to the first limbs, and there were acres of palm leaf fans growing in among these large pines. It was a fine sight. We passed through acres of bamboo the same as fishing poles. This same day we drove some two hundred Johnnies through a piece of timber about one mile, then on our retreat to go into camp for the night I found the body of one of our scouts in the corner of the fence. He had been killed early in the morning. The Johnnies had taken his clothes off and worse than all, they had cut out his tongue and laid it on his breast. That is the way they did our boys.

We could find no name or address and buried him, and to-day his ashes are still in the southland soil. Many a poor broken-hearted mother waited in vain for her boy to come home.

December 7th we marched eight miles of swamp—very bad roads—did not get into camp until after midnight. Oh! what a night. Rained and the mud was deep, but we lay down for the night.

Friday, December 9th, we had a little time with about three hundred Johnnies. The 61st Ohio and 31st Wisconsin Regiments drove them out of their works. We lost one killed, three wounded—this was at Fort Harrison.

December 10th we crossed the Charleston and Savannah Railroad and tore up a portion of the track. This was the last railroad we tore up before reaching Savannah, Ga.

Monday, December 12th, we found ourselves in front of the city of Savannah, with all our supplies cut off until Fort Pulaska was taken, which was some seven or eight days, and the army was very short of rations. All we had was rice and that we had to thresh from the bundle with a club, then take the hull off and wash it, put some in a tin can and cook it. We did not have all the goodies to put in it, such as butter, nutmeg, salt or sugar, and as for milk, that was a thing of the past, for if a cow came in sight of a Yankee she would make for the woods as fast as she could go.

After we would eat our rice we had dessert of live oak acorns, then for dinner we would have live oak acorns and rice. So you see we had a change and while we were feasting on rice and acorns others who could not eat rice would go early in the

morning and pick up the corn where the mules and horses were fed, and wash it and eat it. They had the same dessert we had. I write this to show you what we had to eat, and while eating it we would often think and talk of loved ones at home, and it was well that our loved ones could not see or know what we had to put up with.

Some would say, oh! what would mother say this morning if she could pass by—it was well she could not.

Well, on December 21st Savannah was surrendered to General Gerry, and we marched into Savannah. The Confederates went across the river during the night of December 20th, and they were in such a hurry to get out of the way of the Yankees they forgot to take their guards, so we took them by surprise. We relieved something like one hundred that were attending to their duties, who all at once gave up to our guards. Savannah was a beautiful city, very much hidden by the large live oaks and magnolia shade trees which made it very beautiful and romantic, as all Southern cities are.

One thing I must mention and that is the most beautiful levee all along the river front proper. I have seen many thousands sit there on the morning after pay day gambling with all kinds of games. I could tell many more things and incidents, but will let the prices of a few articles suffice, such as hay \$80.00 per ton, apples \$40.00 per barrel, 25 cents for a large apple. Onions three small ones 25 cents, butter \$2.00 per pound, bread 10 cents a loaf. Four of us boys ate five loaves and one pound of butter for dinner. We were living high. Every one had

money. We all got paid off, some six months being due us, but Uncle Sam was good to us.

On December 28th, several of the boys with myself visited and drank water from the famous Jasper Springs, where in history of the war of 1812, Generals Jasper and Norton rescued Jones from the British army. This wonderful spring is noted for its beautiful crystal water. It is situated on the north side of the city of Savannah about one mile from the river, as near as I can remember, in a small piece of timber down a small embankment from the railroad running from Atlanta to Savannah, on the left of the railroad. The spring is about two feet deep to the top of the stone which surrounds the spring. The water was about one foot deep. On one of these large stones was cut General Jasper's name and many dates of different ones that had been there, and the large beach trees and others were cut full of names of those who had visited from time to time.

While we were at this noted place on the side track of the railroad stood many cars loaded with machinery and tools that were loaded at the shops in Atlanta and sent to Savannah, for they said :

The Yankees could not reach the coast,
And they made this their handsome boast,
For Sherman he kept close behind,
The Rebel race their trains to find.

I heard them say that some of these cars were loaded at Chattanooga and were sent to Atlanta but never unloaded, for Sherman got them at Savannah.

On Saturday, 31st, we mustered for pay, so this ended the year 1864.

The New Years Day of 1865 was bright and balmy as that of a day in May, when the birds were singing their songs of praise in the tops of those large live oak trees, for they were very large, some of them measured one hundred and twenty-eight feet across and they were very flat on the top. Our regiment camped under one of those trees. It was some eighteen feet around the trunk of the tree. Readers, you may think this is a fish story but nevertheless it is true. These are only small trees compared with those that grow in California. The distance from Atlanta to Savannah was three hundred and thirty miles the way we marched.

On January 8th, I was detailed with many others to cross the river to build corduroy road from the river back some fifteen miles—the country was very low and swampy. This road was built of logs, which were thrown close together and the large heavy wagons would go over them, six mules driven by one line; the driver would ride the left hand mule next to the wagon. In this way one man would handle six mules very easily and could go anywhere. These wagons were loaded with ammunition and there were hundreds of them.

January 15th, I went out to General Pulaska's monument. As I came back to camp, I, with a large detail, went out with one hundred and sixty-five wagons to load them with logs to go across the river to build the road. I have given you as clear an idea of how we got through the bad roads as I could but there were a great many to help and it was soon finished. In these swamps were many crocodiles. I saw one very large one, eleven feet eight inches long. Some one had shot it. They do

not like the colored people. They will pass by a white man to catch a colored man—something very strange. Now one thing more I want to mention before I leave Savannah and that is the way lowland rice is raised. They grow a great deal of rice on those plantations across from Savannah. In South Carolina their lowland is very rich and fertile. These lands are surrounded by canals and they have large gates to shut the water off of the lowland. They prepare the ground and sow the seed; when the rice gets up about fifteen inches high they let the water on these rice fields so that about eight to ten inches will be above the water. It grows the same as oats with large heads, and as the rice grows they let water in. When it begins to look yellow and as it ripens they let the water off and it will then be ready for harvest. I have a head of rice now I picked December 24th, 1864.

On January 18th, we left Savannah at 12 o'clock noon, and crossed the Savannah river on pontoon bridge, then we came on the corduroy road, and I can not speak very encouraging of this country for farming. It was a very low, swampy country, but as we passed on this afternoon to make our way towards Raleigh, N. C., it looked to many of us a great undertaking on three days rations to be out for sixty-five days, but we knew that if ever an army of men could make it Sherman's army could, for he had cut his way through the State of Georgia to the sea, and what had been done could be done again. It came near night and we were ten miles from Savannah. We could hardly find ground high enough to lay down, but we camped for the night.

On the 19th, we marched through some better country but yet it was low, flat land. We came to Hardeeville, the residence and home of the Confederate General Hardee. He had a very fine residence and most elegantly furnished. I was in the house and went through it, and the table was found just as the family had finished their dinner the day before.

It was here that such elegant silverware was on the table and on the sideboard. I took a fine knife and fork and kept them for a number of years. One day I missed them and I have never seen them since. Everything in the house was taken that could be. I can not say positively, but I think after the army had passed it was all destroyed by fire. This was twenty-seven miles from Savannah.

On the 26th of January I was detailed for headquarter guard at the 1st Division headquarters, and I remained there during my term of service. I was foraging almost every day, and I tell you we lived on the fat of the land, and many times we would go to a house, ask the inmates if there was anything to eat—they said no, they had nothing, everything had been taken from them. Then we asked for a drink of water. They said the well was dry so they had covered it up. Then we understood how the land lay. We went to the well and throwed the brush off and uncovered it. The well had been fixed with sticks across, and from the water to the top was hung full of meat, the best you ever saw. I have been one of four to take a thousand pounds of fine hams, shoulders, and bacon out of one well. The inmates would plead to leave it. I asked why we should leave it; you told us it had all been taken from you. Then I asked,

have you anything buried in the field. No, that is all I have.

We went out behind the barn and found where they had made sugar cane molasses, and in those days our guns were the old fashioned, using an iron ram rod three feet long. We would take that and stick it down through the cane stalks and find a board, then we would uncover it and find several barrels of molasses. We would take what we wanted and leave the rest for the other boys.

Right here a little incident occurred—one day we had found some molasses and Company F's Captain had a coon to cook for him. He would never hunt for anything—too big a coward. I had just got it open ready to get some out and this coon laid down to dip in first. I took him by the feet and plunged him in head first and pulled him out. He was a sweet looking nigger—he never dipped in first after that. So you see we always had some sport and some lonely moments. Army life was always new, every day was different, for what one could not think of, some other one would.

All through this long march we found some of the Johnnies had dropped out of their command in order to be captured by our men that they might come into our lines, and they would say to us; Yanks, we are tired of fighting youens, and we will stay with youens. Then they would tell how they came to be in the Confederate army. There was boys only fourteen years old who had been taken from their homes by the recruiting officer and sent to the Confederate command, and some old shot gun or rifle was given them and they were told to shoot every Yankee they saw, for the hunting was good. But in my

opinion they thought game was plenty when they saw Sherman's 80,000 strong and we were driving them before us day after day.

February 1st, we went foraging as usual and found plenty of meat, meal, and sweet potatoes. The 2nd was a beautiful day. We left camp at 8 a. m., and marched twelve miles and went into camp at 6 p. m. The 3rd division of my corps was in a little skirmish—lost one killed, ten wounded.

February 3rd, we were on the march again as usual and came to a place called Loudenville. There was a beautiful large house which had belonged to some planter, and many negroes were still there in charge of the house, for he had gone as a colonel in Confederate army.

At this plantation we got plenty of forage and were in luck this day, for we got the last old hen which had been left on account of being too old to be drafted, so she was exempt from all military service. But nothing was too old for Sherman's bummers, as we were called. We found plenty of forage buried out in the field in boxes and barrels at this place. I was very lucky again for I had had a change of shirt linen but a few times since I left Savannah. When we would get into camp early and a stream of water near, I would take off my shirt and wash it, and then two of us, one at each end of the shirt, would wring it as dry as we could. I would then put it on and felt as if I had come out of a laundry, but at this house my luck was in finding a drawer in one of the rooms that had some very fine white shirts in it—boiled shirts as we called them. I said, well, Stelle, now is your chance to make a change right

here, and I left my shirt and put on one of the Colonel's of the Confederate army and I was all right—white shirt and standing collar. So you see the soldier always had some amusements, if not one thing it would be another.

Saturday, February 4th, was a very pleasant day, but the roads were very bad—marshy country. This day there was some of the 16th Louisiana Regiment came into our lines saying they were tired of war. From the looks of them I should have thought so, for they looked as if they ought to be home with their mothers. Had not received any money since they were in the service and could not get enough to eat.

Tuesday, February 7th, here we again came to the Charleston and Augusta Railroad near Grahamville, a very small place but a large shipping point for cotton and other products of the country. We destroyed some twenty-five miles of railroad at different points. I want to tell you, kind readers, how we destroyed the rails. We would pile up the ties as high as a man's head, then would take the rails and lay them on top the ties, set fire to the ties, and the rails would get red hot, we then used a tool like a wrench, made for the purpose, to fit on the end of the rails, and we would twist them and would make what was called Uncle Sam's gimblets, and if any trees were near would take and twist them around the trees two or three times. I suppose some of them are there yet.

On Wednesday, 8th, we captured a large amount of bale cotton, its estimated value was \$116,000 and as railroad was all destroyed we could not ship it, so it was all burned.

On the 9th, we arrived at Blacksville Station with plenty of

forage. The day was very cold, the coldest we had seen for a year. There was a small snow storm—only think, in South Carolina.

February 10th, we came to Station No. 96, on the Charleston and Augusta Railroad. We destroyed a portion of it and made more of Uncle Sam's giblets. This was rather a new country and not very thickly settled. This day we only marched two miles. We captured three horses and some prisoners, also three chickens and some other little things which was good for a soldier's stomach.

Saturday 11th, we crossed the South Edisto River. It was narrow and very marshy on both sides. We forded the stream about waist deep, clothes all wet, and got in camp for the night at 10 o'clock. It was not pleasant to lie down for the night with wet clothes, but such is a soldier's life.

The 12th, we crossed the North Edisto, a very pretty little river. We had to go two miles for water to cook with. These two rivers were fifteen miles apart. This day we got five hogs and fifteen bushels potatoes. We had a good day for forage.

Tuesday, the 14th, Captain Reynolds on the 3rd Brigade Staff was captured. The 15th, I went out about five miles and foraged one load of corn. The country here was very hilly and very good farm land, and plenty to eat. Five Johnnies came into headquarters.

On the 16th of February, we marched near Columbia, S. C., and here we came to a new railroad that had been commenced. If I remember right, it was in this section of the country where they manufacture turpentine, rosin, and other things from the

pine timber, and I wish to state that it will be interesting to my readers to know how they get the gum from the pine trees. In the country where they make turpentine, the trees are large and they commence at the bottom of the tree and cut in so as to form a basin that will hold from one to two buckets of the gum, then they hew the side of the tree down about ten or twelve feet, the gum then all runs to this place and down the tree to the basin. When full they gather it as people in the North do sugar water. It is then taken to the place to be manufactured into rosin and turpentine. It is very interesting to see it made. We came to one factory on the bank of a small lake the size of three acres, and we throwed everything that was in the factory into the lake and set it on fire. It was a beautiful sight—the black smoke rose over it, then the bright blaze all over the top of the water. It burned all night and the next day many incidents occurred that are too numerous to mention.

On the 17th we was near the Saluda River. That night a portion of the 17th Army Corps destroyed Columbia. We could see the fire although quite a distance from the city.

Saturday 18th, we crossed the Saluda River, the 14th Army Corps and General Kilpatrick's Cavalry crossed the road we were on and went to the right of us. The 20th we crossed Broad River, some six hundred feet wide, on pontoon bridge, also the Columbia and Richmond Railroad. We went in camp very early. We got chickens, geese, meal and bacon. The country was hilly.

On the 21st we came to the little town of Winesboro, beautifully located. We went in from the west and as we got on

the hill the Johnnies were going out the east side, and as our quartermaster had not issued any clothing for some time, I thought it was time for me to draw some, as I went into a house and found two shirts, the first I had since I took the Confederate colonel's shirt. We took what was called the Rocky Mountain Road and passed over Wateree Creek.

Thursday the 23rd, we crossed the Catawba River, and we had bad road going up the hill. It was some two miles before we reached the top. We then went into camp. We went foraging, got four horses, meal and bacon. The country was rough and hilly.

Monday 27th, the country still continued rough and we crossed Hanging Rock Creek—this name was given it because a very large rock hung over the water.

On March 1st, came to Lynches Creek, drove the Johnnies from the bridge. They had set fire to it but we got there in time to put out the fire and go across the bridge.

March 2nd, we crossed several creeks and small rivers of which there are many in this section, but we came into Chesterfield, quite an old town, and this was the county seat. The Johnnies had three Union soldiers in jail and they were going to take them out on the next day, Friday, March 3rd, and shoot them, for they were prisoners and they wanted to get clear of them, but we got there just in time to release them. They were happy boys. The 5th Connecticut Regiment was ahead of us and drove the Johnnies through the town on the double quick.

March 3rd, we had not gone far before we came to Thom-

son Creek. We took boards from the fences and made the bridge to cross. The next town was Westfield, there was a saw mill and grist mill but nothing for us. The country was partly under cultivation, but very much after the old style, very romantic.

Monday, March 6th, we went six miles out very early to get a load of corn, and as we came back found our division had moved and we went to overtake them, and came to the city or town of Cheraw. The command had to halt here for the Great Pedee River was to cross, and the bridge had been burned, and while the pontoons were being put down I was wandering around and came to the old cemetery. I came to a tombstone of a General Meriam. I think he had been in the Confederate army, and from it I copied the following:

Oh shades of Patriots, slumbering neath the sod,
Know ye the woes of your unhappy State?
Know ye the turf has drank your children's blood
And your loved homes are spoiled and desolate?

Know ye the same on which your Fathers' toiled
And which ye guarded as a sacred trust,
Your wayward sons have entered and despoiled
And cast its glorious idol in the dust.

Know ye that treason over your sunny clime
Has blown its breath of perjury and strife,
Know ye your sons espoused the hideous crime
And struck with madness at the nation's life.

Know ye the haughty and the proud, like slaves
Are fleeing to the woods, the cave, the swamps,
Know ye your mountains, plains, and even your graves
Are tramped neath an avenging army's tramps.

How can you rest, how can your ashes sleep
While war's dread chariots roll above your head,
Do not your bones with holy horror creep
As falls the blood your perjured sons have shed?

Rise, slumbering patriots, view the ruins made,
And bid the traitor crew in shame disperse,
Bid them restore the Union they have destroyed,
Or doubly damn them with a father's curse.

Signed, YANKEE.

March 7th, we crossed the lines into North Carolina about five miles from Cheraw, and about the same distance from Chesterfield. It was a beautiful day and forage was good. This is a very pretty country, from the forage we got it indicated a very productive section. The people were very ignorant. They were so far behind the times of the North, why, just for example, they would say, Yank, where are you from. I said from Wisconsin. What State is that in they asked. Sometimes we would tell them Illinois or Iowa, and they would know no difference, and we would come along to a place where all had left but the negroes, and we would ask how far it was to some place that was ahead. Their answer would be over two or three rises and a right smart level.

I came to a place one day where there was a white woman standing outside of the road. I asked how far it was to the river ahead. She answered it was a right smart. I found it was a right smart, for it took some two days to get there.

Thursday, March 9th, it rained hard. We went through four swamps and also crossed Lumber River, the wagons got

stuck in the mud, and you can imagine the words used on such an occasion for the boys were somewhat out of temper, after working all day and until twelve o'clock at night.

March 10th was another forage day, and as usual I seemed to be one of the lucky ones, although it was Friday. We got one load of corn and such a time we had to make corduroy road.

Saturday, March 11th, was another one of those days which tried men's souls, and that was to start out at 10 a. m. with about two hundred six-mule teams ahead of you, some of them upset, some so far in the mud they could not upset. Well, here we worked from early morn till late at night, trying to do that which was right. First one would swear, then another would halloo—this was all done for the \$16.00.

Sunday, March 12th, was a pleasant and warm day and all the boys rejoiced to see a small gunboat at the landing in Fayetteville, N. C., about one hundred miles from the mouth of Cape Fear River, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean. and it being Sunday and having to lay the pontoons down, the officers told the boys that those who wanted to write home could do so as the boat would go down the river that night, so we improved the time. I do not know how many letters were written, but there was a wagon load of mail sacks. Some did not have paper and envelopes, but I don't suppose there was ever such a mail put up before or since. Now it had been almost two months since we had the opportunity to get a letter home to loved ones and the dear mothers anxiously waiting to hear of our health. Dear readers, you may ask how letters could be

sent without stamps. Why, those who had none would address the letter home, then would write the postmaster and say:

Please send this letter through,
I have not a cent, but six months' due.

On Monday, March 13th, at 1:30 p. m., orders came to march. We passed through the city, a very pretty place, and crossed the Cape Fear River on pontoons. Marched seven miles and got into camp at 11 p. m. I wish to explain more about the crossing of this river. There was or had been an old bridge that had been built over one hundred years. It was one of the oldest landmarks in the country, and was made of heavy timbers and covered over the full length, but rather than let it stand they burned it a day or so before we got there. I was talking with an old negro who said he had lived there all his life, and he was about eighty years old. He was very interesting to talk with.

March 14th, we had some skirmishing all day, but the Johnnies would run like rabbits. This day we got some potatoes and beans. The 15th I was passing a fine looking place. I asked for a drink, got it, then asked for something to eat. They said no. I went to the barn yard and in five minutes I had found something buried. Dug down to it and still further out I found six barrels of meat. Of course I borrowed that and put it in a wagon and went for camp.

March 16th, there was heavy skirmishing. My regiment lost one and twelve wounded. We captured five pieces of artillery. The Johnnies loss was heavy for the time engaged. I

lined up nineteen Johnnies and marched them to headquarters.

March 17th, we were picking up muskets on the field; we found some forty and we buried thirty-nine Johnnies in one line of works. There were many others buried in other places. We came to a stream and had to ford it. There was no bridge. We went through waist deep.

March 19th, another fight, the battle of Bentonville, N. C. My regiment lost in killed, missing and wounded sixty-five. My company lost thirteen. The Johnnies this day lost many. This was the last battle of the war for our corps.

March 20th, I washed me a shirt, being Monday it was wash day. We had some skirmishing which did not amount to much. The 22nd, the 15th Army Corps captured a Johnnie hospital and two of my company, Smethurst and Stafford were found in it. Stafford had lost his right arm below the elbow. Smethurst was wounded in leg, flesh wound, and as he came to us he said, I am glad I am alive.

Thursday, March 23rd, we crossed the Neuse River on pontoons. March 24th, we marched into Goldsboro, N. C., and crossed the Richmond and Wilmington Railroad. This country is fine and farm products are plentiful.

The 26th of March, we received our first mail for over two months. There was something like one hundred and twenty-five full mail sacks came for the 20th Army Corps.

On April 11th, we were at Smithfield, N. C., about half way between Goldsboro and Raleigh. It was very pleasantly situated but small.

Wednesday, April 12th, we left camp and marched sixteen

and three-quarter miles. Crossed the Neuse River, and was then ordered to go five miles further to support General Kilpatrick in capturing some wagon trains, but the Governor came out from Raleigh and surrendered to him, when the order was countermanded, and we went into camp.

Thursday, April 13th, we marched fifteen miles to Raleigh. General Kilpatrick took the city at day-break. We went in camp at 2 p. m., on the hill near the Lunatic Asylum, a large and splendid building. If I remember right it was three stories high, forty-one feet wide, seven hundred and twenty-eight feet long. April 14th. This day Abraham Lincoln was shot.

April 15th was a beautiful, warm day. A sad one for our nation which was in deep mourning for our President. This day news came he was dead. No one knows the sadness that came over Sherman's army. I saw old men weep and could hardly quiet them.

Pardon me, kind readers, I should have mentioned that on April 9th, some time in the forenoon, General Robert E. Lee had surrendered his entire army to General U. S. Grant. We did not hear of this until the 11th.

Well, on Sunday, April 16th, General Johnson surrendered his army to General Sherman. That was the grandest day ever seen by General Sherman's army. Then on Wednesday, April 19th, Jeff Davis surrendered his cabinet and the entire army from the Potomac River to the Rio Grande.

Monday, April 24th, General U. S. Grant and staff reviewed General Sherman's army. While here I visited the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Asylum. It was wonderful how nicely they

could play and sing. They have a very large building. Now that the war is over and many of us have been from home and loved ones for three and four years, and as the Johnnies are now going home, we will soon be on our way, and may peace and prosperity reign forever and forever.

After all these years of hardships and marches through rain, sleet, and sunshine, I was not sick a day, was always with my regiment, and only missed three guard duties while in the service

I have not given the names of my company officers, which are as follows:

Captain. Henry A. Chase.

First Lieutenant, George F. Lewis.

Second Lieutenant, George Lyman.

PART II.

Kind readers, as the war is over, I have a few lines of my own writing which are very appropriate:

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE, OR A PEACEFUL REST IN HEAVEN.

The battle's fought, the victory won,
While many lives were given,
The services for the Union cause was well and nobly done.
But now they are gone beyond the tide,
A peaceful rest in heaven.

A living sacrifice each made,
That liberty might live.
They could not have stayed at home not even if they tried,
For they buckled on the armor and for their country died.
So the victories they have won, and the laws that we abide,
For the heroes to day are sleeping in the home beyond the tide.

A score of years have passed, our work has just begun,
In making bright that happy home that once contained a son,
And giving aid and comfort to the widow and her child,
And praying God to bless their home and ever on them smile.
But now he is gone above to rest, a peaceful rest in heaven.

So the services they have rendered will never be forgot,
For the country they died to save is founded on a rock,
That rock, the Rock of Liberty, is given to all mankind,
So take it, protect it, and maintain its freedom call,
And your names will ever be honored if in battle you should fall.
So the victories they are won and the laws we abide,
For the heroes to-day are sleeping in their homes beyond the tide.

For the benefit of my readers I will state the distance from Savannah to Raleigh was six hundred and fifty miles, and although it may not be explained as it should have been I have made it as plain as I could after forty years. As we leave our marches and go to our homes to gather around the fire side of loved ones we left, and in many families there are vacant chairs waiting for dear ones that will never return, for they are to-night sleeping "In the Home Beyond the Tide," I thank God to-night for his care over me. That he permitted me to once more return to my home, to enjoy the liberties for which four hundred thousand men laid down their lives that peace, prosperity and happiness might be the portion left by the noble defenders of the Union, to the wives and mothers who sacrificed their loved ones that the nation might live forever and forever.

Sunday, April 30th, finds me enjoying the beautiful morning at 6 o'clock. We all feel much better to-day than we did the day we crossed the Savannah River, for then we were in the enemy's country and every day we were following them, but as we leave Raleigh this morning we are facing toward home with no enemy to encounter, no skirmishing, no fighting, and no foraging, for peace has been declared, and orders were issued, with a heavy penalty if one was caught taking even one onion from the gardens as we passed. Dear readers, you can not form the least idea how we felt, for as soon as we started on our march for Washington, D. C., instead of fighting the Johnnies as we had for almost three years, we would meet them on the road going home in squads as large as fifty in

number, and it was hello, Johnnie, and most of them would say hello, Yanks, but some were very bitter towards us.

We met many of Lee's army going home who said they were tired of war. They were very poorly dressed and boys from fourteen years old up to men.

Six o'clock in the morning found the 20th Army Corps on the move. We were marched through the city of Raleigh and left the city from the north-east direction. We crossed Crab Tree Creek, the country was beautiful but hilly, and as we went on crossed Little Neuse River.

May 1st, was sure enough a May morning, for the birds seemed to know that peace once more reigned over our country. The trees in the woods and along the beautiful streams that run over the rocks below, seemed so much sweeter than when the shot and shell belched forth with cannons' roar.

Tuesday, May 2nd, we crossed Tar River on pontoons. A very pretty little river. I went ahead and came to Mrs L. E. D. Pearce's residence, a pretty place, and as I went to the door the lady said good morning, walk in. I lifted my cap and she placed a chair for me and said, are you not glad you are going home I said I was. She excused herself from the room, returned in a moment and said, I have prepared breakfast; will you come in and take breakfast with us. I went in and, oh, what a fine breakfast; ham and eggs and fine corn bread. As I was eating she said she had been raised in the North. I was certainly treated well.

May 3rd, we passed through Williamston, and the surrounding country was beautiful. We crossed the Roanoak River, the

bridge was gone and they laid the pontoons. It was six hundred and sixty feet wide, and about four miles from the river we came to the Virginia line, where nailed to a tree was a sign which read, "Oh, carry me back to old Virginia." Many of the boys were glad to step once more on the soil for there was where they commenced their fighting in '61. This country was very hilly. We passed over Allen's Creek, a very clear stream of water which looked something like the streams at home in Wisconsin, where many fish might be caught. Next was McHerring Creek, not much larger than a good sized bath tub.

Friday, May 5th, we started out on the old Plank Road and passed over Flat Rock Creek. After we passed this creek we stopped for dinner, and as we marched through a nice country we came to Big Nottaway Creek, also Little Nottaway. Crossed the Petersburg and Raleigh Railroad, then from here we came to Ottoway Station. We marched fourteen miles this day and camped for the night. The day had been very warm and we slept soundly.

Sunday, May 7th, to show you how early we would get out on the march, we started at 5 a. m and marched twenty-one miles. We crossed the Appomattox River on pontoons. We had beautiful roads and got in camp for the night at 6 p. m. This country is a great tobacco section, and it seems to be the main crop although much clover hay is grown.

May 8th, was another very warm day. We crossed Fifth Creek also Falling Water Creek, then as we marched on we came at last to Clover Hill. Here we found a coal shaft where

they had taken out many car loads of coal. An old colored man told me it was nine hundred feet deep with a six foot vein of coal.

Tuesday, May 9th, it commenced to rain and rained two days, which made it very muddy.

Thursday, May 11th, we came to Manchester before we crossed the James River on pontoons, a very wide river. Here our corps was met by the 24th Army Corps. Passed by Libby Prison and old Castle Thunder, which was formerly used as a tobacco house. Both were very hard looking places. We marched through a portion of the city of Richmond. This night our division camped on the north side of the capitol building of the Confederacy, and it rained terribly hard all night.

Friday, May 12th, we started out and the morning was delightful, and when we came to the Chickahominy River we found the bridge gone so we put down pontoons. We passed through Ashton on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad and crossed Falling Creek. This section was the paradise of all. Here we crossed the South Ann River on May 13th, New Fountain Creek and Little River, and right here I had all the strawberries I could eat. They were fine—the first I had eaten for over three years—of course I knew what they were. Then we crossed the Richmond and Washington Railroad.

May 14th, we got out early, and as the old saying is, the early bird catches the worm, so out we got at 5 a. m. Crossed North Ann River, the Ta River, also the Po River, on whose banks we camped for the night, near the battlefield of Spottsylvania, in a Confederate officer's door yard. He did not like it

much but said nothing. He was quite friendly in the morning. They gave me my breakfast and a very nice one too.

May 15th, I passed through scenes I never want to witness again. We came to the battlefield of Spottsylvania. I cannot describe to the reader the sights I saw there. The battle was fought in the timber, the tree tops were cut and broken off by cannon balls, shot and shells. There was one large tree I saw which had been shot off by the musket balls, so I was told, and this tree was as large as a flour barrel, and there it lay on the ground after one year. Hundreds of bodies that were never buried lay there just as they fell. I could have walked the distance of one block on the bodies and never step on the ground. The large tree I have spoken of was taken up by the committee that was sent there in 1866, and the stump is now in Washington, and this same committee gathered from this field of Chancellorsville and Bulls Run, two thousand one hundred and eleven bodies, which to-day lie at rest in the Arlington Cemetery in one grave with a monument marking their resting place on which is the following: "Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the field of Bulls Run and the route of the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified but their names and death are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace. September, A. D. 1866.

On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Tuesday, May 16th, was a beautiful morning, and as we started from camp we could see the wonderful Blue Ridge Mountains on our left, and we came to the Rappahannock River and crossed at the U. S. Ford, a place where many thousands crossed during the war. We crossed on pontoons, then marching on we could see the Blue Ridge Mountains. We could see the whole side covered with laurel all in bloom. Oh, what a beautiful sight, and we soon came to the Old Virginia Gold Mines as they were called in those days. The history of these mines I can not give as I heard nothing but the name. Well, May 17th, a very hot day, we crossed Pine Run, a small stream, also Catlet Station and Weaverville and at Cedar Run. Beautiful scenery here as we were on the low farm land, and to our left could be seen the Blue Ridge Mountains as far as the eye could reach.

The 18th, we passed Brentsville, a pretty place once, but after four years war very much disfigured from the hands of both North and South. Catlet Creek was first crossed, then came Manassas, near where the battle of Bull Run was fought on Bull Run Creek. Kind readers, I cannot say much of this place except it showed its war scars. Next came Fairfax Station, then on we marched to camp. We marched from 5:30 o'clock a. m. to 9 p. m., something over twenty miles, and it rained very hard as we went into camp.

Friday, May 19th, we came out on the turnpike and crossed a number of small streams. This day was our last march, for at 5 p. m. we went into camp two miles from Alexandria on a high hill overlooking the City of Washington and the Potomac River, and our marches were ended.

We were now in camp as I said before on the hills above Alexandria, Va. We were here three days, and now while here I want to say a few words of one I loved as an officer, as a soldier, and as a patriotic man. This brave and daring soldier had been less than one month in the service of his country, when, as he was leading his command of Zouaves on the morning of the 24th of May, 1861, through the city of Alexandria, one single life was lost, that of the brave but imprudent Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, who was shot by Jackson, the landlord of a hotel, to the roof of which he had incautiously ascended to pull down a Confederate flag. Behold my trophy, said the ardent Ellsworth, as he descended from the trap door down the stairs, and behold mine, replied Jackson, as springing from his hiding place, he lodged the contents of his gun in Ellsworth's breast. But the Secessionist quickly paid life for life at the hands of private Brownell. Ellsworth was looked upon as a noble martyr in the North, and so was Jackson in the South. So ended the life of this hero, Elmer E. Ellsworth, who only a few days before had left his home, but he to-day is sleeping in the home beyond the tide, a peaceful rest in heaven. It is now forty-four years ago the 24th of May.

Now at Washington, we could see the gloom and sorrow that was over the city, for there was nothing but what was

draped in deep mourning for our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, who had on the evening of April 14th, gone to Ford's Theatre. He sat in his private box with his guests, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris of New York, and Major Rathburn of the regular army. The play for the evening was *Our American Cousin*. The American flag drooped over Lincoln's head and his thoughts were occupied with a grander drama than that which was presented to the audience. Four years ago this day the flag had been hauled down from Fort Sumpter, and this very day the same old flag had been restored by the hands of Major Anderson. It was natural therefore that the President's mind should range over the weary years which had intervened, and of which he was so great a part. His face wore a happy smile such as had not been there since the beginning of the war. At this time a man entered the box, taking unerring aim at the President's head. Major Rathburn attempted to seize the assassin but was thrust aside, receiving at the same time a wound in the breast. The assassin advanced to the front and brandishing his knife leaped upon the stage shouting, *Sic Semper Tyrannis*—ever so to tyrants—the motto of Virginia. In a moment he was gone. Lincoln lived until twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th of April.

The tidings of the assassination spread rapidly over the country. In all history there was never national sorrow to be compared with this. Literally the whole people wept. But who and where was the murderer? The assassin of the President, as he escaped across the stage, was recognized by one of the actors as John Wilkes Booth, who said that Lincoln was the

cause of all the trouble in the country. But the assassin received his reward. He was found and shot while in a barn, and so ends this part.

George Washington was the Father, Abraham Lincoln was the Saviour, Wm. McKinley was the Progressor of our country, and two have met death by the hand of an assassin.

Now, the 24th of May, I visited the stairs, just four years after Ellsworth was shot. This day we marched to Washington, D. C., and formed in line on Pennsylvania Avenue. We had crossed the long bridge over the Potomac River, and after line was formed the 20th Army Corps was given command forward, and as we went down the avenue with glittering bayonets, the sun shining very warm, and marching in columns from curbstone to curbstone, such a sight I never saw before and I will never see again.

After we had passed the reviewing stand we were taken to camp three miles south of Washington, and for the benefit of my readers, will state the distance from Raleigh, N. C., to Washington, four hundred and forty-five miles, was made in twenty days. We had a fine march but was homeward bound and had no foraging to do, and plenty of time to see places of importance and make note of them as we passed, and I am glad I did, and, dear reader, when you read this, it is not a novel but it is of my own sight-seeing and doings, and now as I will close this chapter, I will put upon the pages of this book a piece of poetry which I have selected for this place, which I think is very appropriate.

JUST BEFORE THE LAST GREAT CHARGE.

It was just before the last great charge
That two soldiers drew their rein,
With a shake of the hand and a parting word
They never might meet again.
One has blue eyes with curly hair,
Nineteen just a month ago ;
Down on his chin, red on his cheek,
He was only a boy you know.

The other was tall, stern, dark and proud,
And this world to him was dim,
He only thought of those he loved
And who were most and dearest to him.
They had ridden together on many a raid
And marched on many a mile,
But not till now did they meet their foe
With a calm and hopeful smile.

Just then they faced each other
With a fearful ghastly gloom,
The stern, dark man, was the first to speak,
Saying, Charley, my hour has come.
We will ride together up the hill,
And if you ride back again,
You will promise to me little trouble to bring,
When you find that I am gone.

I have a fair face on my breast,
I will wear it into the fight,
With a sunny curl and a bright blue eye,
It's like the morning light.
The morning light it is dear to me,
It gladdens a lonely life,
But little she thought of the form of death
When she promised to be my wife.

PART III.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Kind readers, I have now completed my marches and will give you the route I took to go home. I will make it as short possible. This will not be as interesting as my marches in the southland.

Well, here we are in camp, May 24th, three miles south of Washington, where we remained until Friday, June 9th, when came the orders for my regiment to report to Louisville, Ky. Saturday, June 10th, 1st Division Headquarters broke camp, and we loaded everything in cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Left Washington at 5 p. m., arrived at the Relay House, thirty miles from Washington, then at Harper's Ferry, then in sight of the Chesapeake Canal, passed through a very rough country, and at last came to Cumberland, and there we got something to eat.

June 12th, we reached Grafton, and there we got something for breakfast, the coffee was very thin, a great deal worse than Uncle Samuel gave us. We arrived at Central Depot where we side tracked for some ten trains to pass. After this stop we were at Cornwallis-on-the-Mountains. There was twenty-four tunnels on the route, but now I believe there are twenty-seven or twenty-eight. The road has been changed some. Next place was Parkersburg.

Tuesday morning, at 12:30, June 13th, we unloaded the

baggage and all laid down for the night. We were nearly four days coming this distance of four hundred miles. When daylight came we boarded the boat, J. H. Best, for down the Ohio River. At Buffington Island, thirty-five miles, we had to change boats. We boarded the Bostonia and on we went down the river, June 14th, through a very heavy fog. We passed by Maysville, Ky., and among the boys on board was one who said—There is my mother and father and sister on the bank, I see them waving at me I am going over to them for I have not seen them since April '61. He said good bye, boys, and jumped overboard and swam for the shore. It was quite a distance, but the last I saw of him he was getting into a boat in which his father had come to meet him.

Our boat arrived at Cincinnati, distance two hundred and twenty-five miles at 3:30 p. m. Here we had to change boats and we were soon on board the General Buell at 3:30 a. m.

On Thursday 15th, we landed at Louisville, Ky., at 8 a. m. Everything was loaded on wagons and we marched five miles south of Louisville, Ky., and went into camp. Distance from Cincinnati one hundred and fifty miles.

Tuesday, June 20th, my regiment was mustered out of the United States service. Then Sergeant Van Norman, in command of Division Headquarter Guards, started for the ferry, was too late to go with regiment, then he got transportation for us to cross the river over from Portland to New Albany. On the morning of June 22nd, we left New Albany at 9:30 a. m. Arrived at Mitchell at 12 o'clock. From there we went to LaFayette arriving at 9:40 p. m. There laid over until 2 a. m.

Friday, 23rd, arrived at Michigan City, Ind., where we changed cars for Chicago, at which place we arrived at 8:30. We went to the Soldiers Rest and had breakfast; then to the Chicago and North Western Railroad Depot. The regiment had been gone about twenty minutes. We left at 4:30 p. m., for Madison, Wisconsin

June 24th, we met the regiment at Madison, where we signed the pay roll and turned over all of our soldier paraphernalia, which consisted of gun, cartridge box, canteen, haversack, and knapsack. We were then told we could go home and report on July 6th, and we could get our discharge and pay which we did. We left on the 4:30 train for Prairie Du Chein, the place where I had enlisted almost three years before—we arrived at 9 p. m. Went to the store and bought me a suit of clothes which cost me \$44.55, the first citizen's clothes I had on since I enlisted in '62. The 25th took stage and went the thirty-three miles, getting home at 4:30 p. m., and found wife and baby well. The dear old father, mother, sisters and brothers, one and all were watching for my return from the southland. Then I listened to the dear wife tell of anxieties, often wondering if I would be spared to return home again. How the mails were watched and papers read, after the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox. Every one was anxious to know what train the boys would come home on. There was one dear mother who looked in vain for the return of her six boys who had gone to war, but only one returned, for one was left on the battlefield of Antietem, September 17, 1862, and two on the field of Gettysburg, July 2nd, 1863, and two at Spottsylvania, May

12th, 1864. The five are resting in the peaceful home beyond the tide. They have re-enlisted in that grand army above where there are no wars. No more battles to fight, but all is peace and happiness. And may those who are left here, who are sure to be called, be ready at the last bugle call, and when taps are sounded we will say, farewell, farewell, I have fought the good fight.

Kind readers, as you will see I have not related to you any incidents or jokes of the war except those that came directly under my own observation, and as I have heard of some I will make note of them as follows:

General George H. Thomas, Commander of the 14th Army Corps, while in camp in Georgia, issued an order that if any of his men were caught outside the picket lines, and were seen to shoot off a gun, or to kill anything, they should be court martialed and suffer the penalty, or, in other words be punished. So one day General Thomas was outside the picket line with his staff, riding up the road, and as he reached the foot of a hill he heard a gunshot ahead and saw the smoke of it. He put spur to his horse and rode to the top of the hill, and to the right among some bushes and large oak trees stood one of his men. As he rode towards him, the following dialogue ensued:

Gen.—Was it you who fired that gun?

Pat—Yes, sir, General.

Gen.—Did you not know the orders were not to fire a gun outside the picket lines?

Pat—Yes, sir.

Gen.—Then why did you do it?

Pat—General, I will tell you. I was coming along and saw this pig, and he was showing disrespect to our corps badge.

Gen.—How is that, Pat?

Pat—Why, you see, General, he was eating the acorns and I shot him.

The General told Pat not to do it again, and turned away laughing. He had a nice piece of pork for supper.

RIP VAN WINKLE IN VIRGINIA.

When the Union troops under McClelland and Rosecrans, in the summer of 1861, were penetrating the mountain region of West Virginia, as they marched through a quiet nook on the side of Laurel Ridge they saw a venerable matron standing in the door of a log cabin. One of the men fell into conversation with her and found her views on the issues of the day were not very well defined. At length he said, you will not refuse to hurrah for old Abe, will you, old lady? Who is old Abe, asked the dame, growing more astonished every minute. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. Why, hain't General Washington President? No, he has been dead for more than sixty years. General Washington dead, she repeated in blank amazement. Then rushing into the cabin she called, Yeou, Sam. Well, what is it mother, said a voice within. In a moment she reappeared with a boy of fifty, whom the men afterward learned was her son. Only to think, Sam, she cried excitedly, General Washington is dead. Sakes a live! wonder what's going to happen next.

A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

A brother from the Christian Commission while going the rounds among the wounded, approached the bed of a soldier suffering from a severe wound in the leg. Ah, my dear brother, war is a dreadful thing, said the preacher. If you had my leg, you'd think so, but I had the satisfaction of killing a few of them d—d rebels before they knocked me down, said the soldier. Yes, but you must remember that the rebels are not our only enemy. Satan is our greatest enemy—he is the enemy of our souls, said the preacher. Satan is a pretty bad fellow but he can't give no worse than we got at Chickamauga, replied the soldier, writhing under the pain of his wounds. We must pray for our soul's salvation, brother. No, I'll pray for my leg's salvation first, till I get another crack at them hounds, pointing to Lookout Mountain, and then I will pray for my soul, said the soldier. The preacher left convinced that the case was a hopeless one.

GOOD SHOOTING.

The color-bearer of the 10th Tennessee (Irish) having been shot down in the battle of Chickamauga, the Colonel ordered one of the privates to take the colors. Pat, who was loading at the time replied, By the Holy St. Patrick, Colonel, there's so much good shooting here I haven't a minute's time to waste fooling with that thing.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The following is one of Mr. Lincoln's stories. These he

told often in private conversation, rarely in his speeches. I once knew a good sound churchman, whom we will call Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges and could build this. Let's have him in, said the committee. In come Jones. Can you build this bridge, sir? Yes, replied Jones, I could build a bridge to the infernal regions if necessary. The sober committee were horrified, but when Jones retired, Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. I know Jones so well, said he, and he is so honest a man and so good an architect that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades,—why, I believe it, but I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side. So, Lincoln added, when politicians said they could harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy why I believed them, but I had my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side.

Several instances of personal daring and coolness were related. A member of Captain Bushnell's Company in the 42nd, was about to bite a cartridge, when a musket ball struck the cartridge from his fingers. Coolly facing the direction from which the shot came, he took out another cartridge and exclaimed, You can't do that again, old fellow.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A soldier from Rhode Island while on picket-guard was

rushed upon by a party of rebel cavalry. He instantly fired his piece at the foremost and ran. The way before him was an open field about fifty rods across, the other side being hemmed in by an old rotten log fence, and still beyond a sort of chaparral of brier bushes and underbrush. To this retreat the soldier started on quadruple quick with half a dozen horsemen after him. Fortunately for the soldier the rains had made the fields quite muddy and the horses slumped through the turf so badly that they could not lessen the distance between them and the fugitive. All this time the rebels were keeping up a roar of pistolry, one of the balls passing through the soldier's hat and another went clean through his cartridge box and lodged in his coat, and still on ran the hero and still on splashed the horsemen. The picket at last reached the fence and with one bound landed on the top, intending to give a long spring ahead, but the fence was frail and crumbled beneath his weight. It so chanced that a hog had rooted out a gutter at this place, and was lying snoring therein. At the cracking of the fence his swineship evacuated his hole and scampered barking into the underbrush. As luck would have it, the soldier fell in the hole muddy as it was and the fence rattled down upon him. This was no more than fairly done when up came the horsemen and hearing the rustling of leaves and not doubting it was their prey, dashed through the gap in the fence, and seeing a path in the brush they put through it after the hog and were soon out of sight. When the sound of their footsteps died away the picket returned to camp and reported. The next day one of these rebel horsemen was taken prisoner. When our hero saw him

he recognized him at once and sung out, I say, old fellow, did you catch that hog yesterday? We did that, retorted the prisoner, but it was not the one we were after.

SLAVE'S PRAYER.

A Virginia slave who had heard of the President's promise concerning the proclamation to be issued on the 1st of January, then only a few days in the future, was heard praying, with great earnestness and a deeply affected heart, thus:

O, God Almighty, keep the engine of the rebellion going till New Years. Good Lord, pray don't let off the steam. Lord, don't reverse the engine. Don't back up? Lord, don't put on the brakes, but pray, Good Lord, put on more steam. Make it go a mile a minute. Yes, Lord, pray make it go sixty miles an hour. (Amen: Do, Good Lord, responded the brethren and sisters). Lord, don't let the express train of rebellion smash up till the 1st of January. Don't let the rebels back down, but harden their hearts as hard as Pharaoh's, and keep all hands going till the train reaches the depot of Emancipation.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

Sergeant John Clem, Twenty-Second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, is the youngest soldier in our army. He is twelve years old and small even for his age. His home is Newark, Ohio. He first attracted the notice of General Rosecrans at a review at Nashville, where he was acting as marker of his regiment. The General, attracted by his youth and intelligence,

invited him to call upon him whenever they were in the same place. Rosecrans saw no more of Clem until his return to Cincinnati, when one day, coming to his rooms at the Burnett House, he found the boy awaiting him. He had seen service in the meanwhile. He had gone through the battle of Chickamauga, where he had three bullets through his hat. There he killed a Rebel Colonel. The officer mounted on horseback encountered the young hero and called out, Stop you little Yankee devil. By way of answer the boy halted, brought his piece to order, thus throwing the Colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, brought to aim, fired and the officer fell dead from his horse. For this achievement Clem was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and Rosecrans bestowed upon him the Roll of Honor. He is now on duty at the Headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland.

A shell burst near an Irishman in the trenches. While surveying the fragments he exclaimed, Bejabers, them's the fellows to tickel yer ear.

A PIG IN THE DRUM.

While the 31st Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry was in camp at Columbus, Ky., the summer of 1863, the Band would go outside the lines to practice. One afternoon while out there the drummer saw a pig and with his revolver he shot it, and what to do or how to get it in camp was the next thing. All at once it came into his mind to take out the head of his

drum and so he did. He put the pig in the drum and went to camp. That evening our regiment was to be inspected by General Ashboth, Commander of the Post at Columbus. The band was to play. Dress parade was formed and was ready for the music. All he could do was to go with the band and play. The band commenced. The drum was so heavy and when he played sounded as if it was muffled. The colonel was mad. After the parade was over the colonel asked him what was the matter. He said he would come to headquarters and report. He took the pig out and cut off one ham and reported to the colonel. He entered the headquarters and saluted the colonel. As he approached him he said, this was the matter, as he handed the colonel the quarter of pig. The colonel laughingly told him not to let it occur again.

A MAN OF NERVE.

The venerable judge related the following anecdote. The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation was a musician who had received a musket ball in his knee. As usual in such cases preparations were made to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer, Now what would you be at. My lad, I am going to take off your leg and it is necessary that you should be lashed down. I will consent to no such thing, you may pluck my heart from my bosom but you will not confine me. Is there a violin in the camp. If so, bring it to me. A violin was furnished and tuning it he said, now, Doctor,

begin. And he continued to play until the operation, which lasted about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.

Peter Apple, of Oakland, Marion County, Indiana, was recruited for the Eleventh Regiment of that State, and took part in the attempt to storm one of the Vicksburg batteries. The rebel fire was so destructive that the Union forces recoiled. Apple, the raw recruit, did not see backward movement and kept going ahead until he came right up to one of the rebel guns, caught a gunner by the collar and brought him within our lines, saying, Boys why didn't you come on. every fellow might have got one.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The war has given birth to many gems of poetry—patriotic, humorous, and pathetic. Illustrative of the times the following was suggested by an affecting scene in one of the army hospitals. A brave lad of sixteen years, belonging to a New England Regiment, mortally wounded at Fredricksburg and sent to the patent-office hospital in Washington, was anxiously looking for the coming of his mother. As his last hour approached and his sight grew dim, he mistook a sympathetic lady who was wiping the cold clammy perspiration from his forehead, for the expected one, and with a smile of joy lighting up his pale face he whispered tenderly, Is that mother? Then, says the writer, drawing her towards him with all his feeble strength he nestled

his head in her arms like a sleeping infant, and thus died with the sweet word mother on his quivering lips.

IS THAT MOTHER?

Is that mother bending o'er me,
As she sang my cradle hymn—
Kneeling there in tears before me,
Say, my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home lowly,
Out among the Northern hills,
To her pet boy, dying slowly,
Of war's battles wounds and ills?

Mother, O, we bravely battled,
Battled till the day was done,
While the leaden hail storm rattled,
Man to man and gun to gun.

But we failed, and I am dying,
Dying in my boyhood's years,
There—no weeping—self denying,
Noble deaths demand no tears.

Fold your arms again around me,
Press again my aching head,
Sing the lullaby you sang me—
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

A Rebel soldier, after burying a Federal who had been killed during one of those sanguinary engagements which termi-

nated in the retreat of the Union army before Richmond, fixed a shingle over the grave bearing this inscription :

The Yankee hosts with blood-stained hands,
Came southward to divide our lands,
This narrow and contracted spot
Is all that this poor Yankee got.

A sentimental young lady in Northern Georgia indited the following to some of her admirers in the — Redgeament:

'Tis hard for youens to sleep in camp,
'Tis hard for youeus to fight,
'Tis hard for youens through snow to tramp,
In snow to sleep at night,
But harder for weans from youens to part,
Since youens have stolen weans heart.

COLONEL ELLSWORTH'S LAST SPEECH.

Boys, no doubt you felt surprised on hearing my orders to be in readiness at a moment's notice, but I will explain all as far as I am allowed. Yesterday forenoon I understood that a movement was to be made against Alexandria. Of course I was on the *qui vive*. I went to see General Mansfield, the commander at Washington, and told him that I should consider it as a personal affront if he would not allow us to have the right of the line which is our due as the first volunteer regiment, sworn in for the war. All that I can tell you is to prepare yourselves for a nice little sail and at the end of it a skirmish. Go to your tents, lie down and take your rest till two o'clock,

when the boat will arrive and we go forward to victory or death. When we reach the place of destination act as men, do nothing to shame our regiment, show the enemy that you are men as well as soldiers, and that you will treat them with kindness until they force you to use violence. I want to kill them with kindness. Go to your tents and do as I tell you.

A good anecdote is told of a lad on one of the Union gun-boats. The vessel was just going into action and our soldier was upon his knees when an officer sneeringly asked him if he was afraid. No, I was praying, was the response. Well what were you praying for. Praying, said the soldier, that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way that the prize money is, principally among the officers.

A soldier in the field sent the following appeal to the boys to volunteer:

I have left my home and all my friends,
And crossed the mountains craggy,
To fight the foe and traitor bands,
And left my own Dear Maggie.

But now old Jeff is doomed to fall,
The traitor dogs do yelp,
But why leave us to do it all,
Why don't you come and help?

SERGEANT PLUNKETT.

In the battle of Fredricksburg, the color-bearer of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment, fell mortally wounded, when Sergeant Plunkett seized the standard, bore it to the front and there held his ground until both arms were shot off by a shell. He was carried to the hospital and subsequently was taken to Washington, the whole regiment turning out to escort him to the station. So brave a man deserved so marked an honor.

The following beautiful and touching lines were written by Lieutenant John McKee, of Co. K., 74th Ohio Regiment, who was accidentally drowned at Cincinnati on his way home:

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Among the pines that overlook
Stone River's rocky bed,
Ohio knows full many a son
There numbered with the dead.

'Tis hard to die mid scenes of strife,
No friends or kindred near,
To wipe the death damp from the brow,
Or shed affection's tear.

To sooth the sufferer in his pain,
With words of holy cheer,
Or bend the knee in earnest prayer,
For the dying volunteer.

That day when all along our lines,
Rained showers of shot and shell,
Thus many a brave young soldier died,
Thus many a hero fell.

When night closed o'er this bloody scene,
Returning o'er the ground,
I heard the piteous moans of one
Laid low by mortal wounds.

'Twas by the ford we crossed that day—
The ground so dearly bought—
Where Miller led his stalwart men
And gallant Moody fought.

The wounded soldier's cheek was wan,
And beamless was his eye,
I knew before another morn,
The wounded man must die.

I built a fire of cedar rails,
The air was cold and damp,
And filled his canteen from the spring
Below the river bank.

And then I sat me down to ask
If he would wish to send
A last request, or parting words,
To mother, sister, friend.

I have some word, the boy replied,
My friends would love to hear,
'Twould fill my sister's soul with joy,
My mother's heart would cheer.

Tell them I died a soldier's death
Upon the battlefield,
But lived to know the day was ours
And see the Rebels yield.

That ere I died their colors fell,
Their columns broke, and then
I heard the wild, victorious shouts
Of Negley's valiant men.

But most of all I'd have them know,
That with my latest breath,
Spoke of him I loved in life,
'Twas joy and peace in death.

Tell sister I have read with care—
For holy ties endeared—
The Bible mother gave to me
Before I volunteered.

I'm very tired with talking now,
Please raise my head some higher,
And fold my blanket closely down
And build a larger fire.

The air is very cold to-night.
I raised his head with care.
He closed his eyes as if to sleep,
But clasped his hands in prayer.

In silent converse with his God,
The wounded hero lay,
It seemed to him communion sweet,
No agony to pray.

He smiled, as does the gentle child,
When angels whisper near,
No anguish worked upon his brow,
Nor blanched his cheek with fear.

I saw that death was coming fast,
His mind was all in prayer,
I asked him for his regiment,
And where his comrades were.

My Captain is dead, the boy replied,
In accents low and mild,
I have heard my mother speak of Him
When I was but a child.

I knew his mind was wandering,
That he was thinking then,
Of Him who gave his life to save
His faithful valiant men.

And thus he died that stormy night,
No friend or kindred near,
To wipe the death damps from his brow,
Or shed affection's tear.

Thus I have known the love of God,
Joy, peace and comfort yield,
To one who fell with mortal wound,
On the bloody battlefield.

And should you wander o'er the ground,
Where fell so many brave,
Among the cedars on the hill,
There lies his lonely grave.

The flowers will soon light up with smiles
Stone River's rocky shore,
His spirit knows a brighter clime,
Where flowers bloom ever more.

And mild-eyed peace may visit soon
Stone River's rocky shore,
But Murfreesboro chiming Sabbath bells,
Will never wake him more.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST SPEECH.

Gentlemen—Fellow Citizens :—I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful—if not it will be all the same.

WHIPPED AND DEMORALIZED, BUT NOT SCATTERED.

A soldier of Bates' Division of the Confederate army, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accoutrements, and alone in the woods sat down and commenced thinking, the first chance he had for such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings: I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized, but no man can say I am scattered.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S FLANK MOVEMENTS.

General Sherman's strategy in flanking the Rebels out of their strong positions puzzled the natives a good deal. A young woman said it was not fair to fight the Southern soldiers on end. She then went on to say that the day before General Bragg had formed two streaks of fight in their door-yard with walking soldiers, and General Wheeler formed one streak of fight with critter soldiers—meaning cavalry, behind the house, but that Joe Hooker had come up and flanked Bragg and made him fall back, which he did in such a hurry that he upset Dad's ash-hopper plant which cost two dollars and fifty cents in Atlanta, and Dad was agoing to sue Bragg for waste.

A JUVENILE WARRIOR OF EXPERIENCE.

The town of Swanzey in New Hampshire, is the home of Geo. B. Mattoon, a young man only eighteen years old, who served three years in the Union army; had been in forty-three battles and twenty-seven skirmishes; had two horses shot under him, and during the whole time did not receive a single injury nor was he absent from duty a single day.

An editor announcing that he had been drafted discoursed as follows :

Why should we mourn, conscripted friends,
Or shake at draft's alarms,
'Tis but the voice that Abraham sends
To make us shoulder arms.

AS BRAVE AS A LION.

At the fight of Scarytown, Va., the soldier, John Haven, was wounded. He was a handsome, intelligent young man, as brave as a lion, and the pet of the company. Poor fellow, his right hip was shot away, just as he was passing a ball to his gun. When his captain saw him fall, he ran and picked him up and carried him in his own arms to a place of safety. Never mind me captain, he cried, but don't let that flag go down.

A squad of Indiana volunteers out scouting came across a female in a log cabin in the mountains. After the usual salutations one of them asked her: Well, old lady, are you a Secesh? No, was the answer. Are you Union? No. What are you then? A Baptist, and always have been. The Hoosiers let down

ARKANSAS TACTICS.

An Arkansas Colonel had the following order for mounting his men: First order, prepare fer tur git onto yer creeters. Second order, git.

OUR RIGHTS.

The following conversation occurred at Normandy, Tennessee, between a Confederate prisoner captured at Knoxville and the correspondent of a Northern paper: Are you agoing to take the oath? No. I will rot in prison first.

What are you fighting for? Our rights.

What are your rights? Well—hesitating and attempting to clear his throat—well, I can't zactly tell yer, the fact is I can't read but there's them that does know.

A STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A personal friend said to him. Mr. President do you really expect to end this war during your administration? Can't say, can't say, sir. But Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do? Peg away, sir, peg away, keep pegging away.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Three fathers went up the Cumberland River in the same boat with three metallic coffins to bring away the bodies of their sons who had fallen in the battle of Stone River. As they stepped ashore at Clarksville, they met their boys, jolly and hearty, with as little idea of going into burial cases as into a Southern convention.

WHOSE FATHER WAS HE?

After the battle of Gettysburg a Union soldier was found in a secluded spot on the field where, wounded, he had laid himself down to die. In his hands tightly clasped was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying father looked was the image of his children, and as he silently gazed upon them his soul passed away. How touching, how solemn. What pen can describe the emotion of

this patriot father as he gazed upon these children so soon to be made orphans. Wounded and alone, the din of battle still sounding in his ears, he lies down to die, his last thoughts and prayers for his family. He has finished his work on earth; his last battle has been fought; he has freely given his life to his country, and now, while his life's blood is ebbing, he clasps in his hands the image of his children, and commanding them to the God of the fatherless, rests his last lingering look upon them.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Let me tell you of a little incident that happened to me this morning, said a soldier in Louisiana. I had been out all day on the skirmish line. All was still. I had not heard the singing of a bullet for sometime. I was sitting on the ground with my rifle across my knee, thinking of home and friends far away, wondering what the future had in store for me, and if I should ever see that home again. As I sat thus, a little bird, called the Baltimore oriole, perched himself on a bush so close to me that I might have touched him with my rifle, and commenced singing. The voice of this bird is much like that of our robin, and he is about the same size though his color is different, being a dark red. The poor little fellow had been driven away through the day by the shower of bullets that visited that quarter, but had returned at night to visit his home, and seemed now to be returning thanks to God for his safe return, and so, thought I, my case may be like the little bird after this struggle is over. I too may return to friends and

home. I accepted the omen, thanked God for his watchful care over me and with renewed courage and hope pressed on.

BOB, THE BULLY BOY.

Among the sharp boys in Sherman's army on the grand march, was a graduate of the common schools of Northern Ohio, the only son of a widowed mother. The fond mother had no word from the son from the time the army left Chattanooga till it reached Atlanta. She waited for tidings with much anxiety, watching daily the newspaper reports. At length, several days after the taking of Atlanta had been announced, a letter was brought her which read as follows: Atlanta—Dear Mother: Bully Boy all right. Signed Bob. In due time Sherman marched from Atlanta to Savannah. There was a fight behind Savannah. The widowed mother read in the newspapers that the company to which her boy belonged was in the fight. With almost sleepless anxiety she waited for news from him. One day she received a note which read thus: Savannah—Dear Mother: Bully Boy got a hole in his hide—not bad. Signed Bob. In the course of events Sherman's men reached Washington, were marched out and the company to which Bob belonged went to the capital of Ohio. Here Bob had his final honorable discharge and when he had made it all right with the paymaster, and was again a citizen, he sent the following telegram: Columbus—Dear Mother: Bully Boy home to-morrow.
BOB.

When asked by a friend, to whom the infrequency and

brevity of his epistles home had been mentioned, why he did not write oftener and at greater length, he answered: Bully Boy's got his haversack full. Keep it all to tell by word of mouth. Won't he have a good time talking up the old lady.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A gentleman called on the President and solicited a pass for Richmond. Well, said the President, I would be very happy to oblige you if my passes were respected, but the fact is, sir, I have within the last two years given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond and not one has got there yet.

A SQUARE MEAL.

One of the Wisconsin boys on the reception at the return of the fifth regiment of that State said: This is the first square meal I have had since I left home. Being asked what a square meal was, he replied: Four cups of coffee, all the ham I can eat, with bread, butter, pies, cakes, pickles and cheese in proportion, with ladies smiling to inspire the appetite.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Some one was smoking in the presence of the President and complimented him on having no vices, neither drinking nor smoking. That is a doubtful compliment, answered the President. I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no

vices. He said nothing but smoked for sometime and then grunted out: It's my experience that folks who have no vices have plaugy few virtues.

A SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER.

John Moseley, a youth who fell at Gettysburg on the Southern side, wrote the following touching but manly letter from his death bed to his parents in Alabama:

BATTLEFIELD, GETTYSBURG, July 4th, 1863.

Dear Mother :—I am a prisoner of war and mortally wounded. I can live but a few hours at farthest. I was shot fifty yards from the enemy's line. They have been exceedingly kind to me. I have no doubt as to the final result of this battle, and I hope I may live long enough to hear the shouts of victory before I die. I am very weak. Do not mourn my loss. I had hoped to have been spared but a righteous God has ordered it otherwise, and I feel prepared to trust my case in his hands. Farewell to you. All pray that God may receive my soul. Your unfortunate son,

JOHN.

SYMPATHIES.

An impromptu toast given in a saloon in New York, in June, 1861, by a loyal Canadian—present several Americans and Nova Scotians:

May the Rose of England never blow,
The Thistle of Scotland never grow,
May the Harp of Ireland never play,
Till the Stars and Stripes have won the day.

During the battle of Tranter's Creek, N. C., Lieutenant Avery of the Marine Artillery, thought he discovered rifle shots coming from the leafy boughs of a tall elm not far distant from the field of battle. He accordingly filled his howitzer with grape and elevated it with a very satisfactory result, tumbling half a score of the rebel sharp shooters to the ground.

A VERSE OF WELCOME.

A clergyman in Illinois, wrote an ode of welcome for a returning regiment, the first verse ran thus:

And O, come home, thou wondrous man,
Who never said I can't—
We wait, we look, we long for you,
Come back Ulysses Grant.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER AFTER THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

A soldier lay in a house by the roadside dying. A Major General drove up to the door, his orderly took his horse, he got off, went in, and sat down by the dying man's side. Taking out a little book he read from it, "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." He then knelt down and offered up a prayer to God for the dying soldier. Arising from his knees he bent over and kissed him and said with loving accents, Captain G—, we shall meet in heaven. He then rode off. That General was Major General Howard, of Maine.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A captain who had been a railroad conductor before the war, was drilling a squad and while marching them by flank turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again towards his squad, he saw they were in the act of butting up against a fence. In his hurry to halt them, he cried out—down brakes—down brakes.

A lover's letter, picked up at Laurel Hill Camp, Va., runs as follows: I say agen deer Melindy ween fitin for our liburtis to dew gest as we pleas and we will fite fur them so long as goddlemity give us breth.

JUVENILE PATRIOTISM IN MANCHESTER,
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A little fellow just past his first decade, stepped into his father's office and said to one of the clerks: I shall get my company full pretty soon, I have sworn in three to-day. Sworn in, said the clerk, how did you do it? I made them hold up their hands and say Glory to God, said the incipient captain.

The following is a counterpart of the above story.

A six year old Boston boy who had become deeply inbued with the martial spirit, undertook to act as commander of a diminutive company in a New Hampshire town where he was spending his vacation. He somewhat astonished the natives by the following order given in a very excited tone: Company—enemy's coming—forward march—Amen.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S TACTICS.

A Confederate correspondent relates the following at the expense of Governor Smith, of Virginia. At the first battle of Manassas he rode up to his regiment—he was then a colonel—at a critical point of the conflict, and rising in his stirrups shouted, Boys I do not know what orders to give you—but string 'em—string 'em.

POSTAL AFFAIRS.

The following is the inscription of a letter that passed through the Louisville, Ky., Postoffice:

Feds and Confeds, let this go free,
Down to Nashville, Tennessee,
This three cent stamp will pay the cost
Until you find Sophia Yost.

Postmaster, North or even South,
May open it and find the truth,
I merely say my wife's got well
And has a baby cross as —— you know.

THE BIBLE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Among the dead on one of the battlefields before Richmond, was a rebel soldier who lay unburied several days after the conflict. Already the flesh had been eaten by the worms from his fingers, but underneath the skeleton hand lay an open copy of the Bible, and the fingers pressed upon those precious words of the Twenty-third Psalm, Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

THE TRUE BALANCE.

Two councilmen of New Orleans, were one evening in February, 1861, reeling down the city hall steps discussing politics as well as their cups and hiccups would permit them. One said solemnly, The South's true balance must not be overthrown. To which the other replied—confound the South's balance, try to keep your own.

J. M. Learned, of Oxfordville, New Hampshire, had three twins in the army. Two of them twenty-three years old were in the Massachusetts Fourteenth, the third, whose mate is a girl, was in the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment.

GENERAL ROUSSEAU AND A REBEL CLERGYMAN.

Rev. Fredrick A. Ross, had just been examined on a charge of treason and convicted upon his own showing. Under charge of a guard he was about to leave the General's tent. Putting on a particularly sanctimonious expression of countenance he took up his hat turned to the General and said: Well, General, we must each do as we think best and I hope we will both meet in heaven. The General replied, Your getting to heaven, sir, will depend altogether upon your future conduct. Before we can reasonably hope to meet in that region you and I must become better men. The effects of this brief rejoinder was irresistible.

OLD HANNAH, DEAR OLD SOUL.

When I was in Jefferson in the fall of 1862, said Robert Collyer, I found the hospital in the most fearful condition you can imagine. I cannot stop to tell you all the scenes I saw. It is enough to say that one poor fellow had lain there sick on the boards and seen five men carried away dead one after another from his side. He was worn to a skeleton. Worn through so that great sores were all over his back and filthy beyond description. One day, a little before my visit, old Hannah, a black woman who had some washing to do for a doctor, went down the ward to hunt him up. She saw this dying man and had compassion on him and said, O, Doctor, let me bring this man to my bed to keep him off the floor. The Doctor said, the man is dying, he will be dead to-morrow. To-morrow came and old Hannah could not rest. She went to see the man and he was still alive. Then she got some help, took her bed, put the man on it and carried him boldly to her shanty. Then she washed him all over as a woman washes a baby, and fed him with a spoon, and fought death hand to hand, day and night, and beat him back, and saved the soldier's life. Day before I went to Jefferson the man had gone on a furlough to his home in Indiana. He besought Hannah to go with him but she could not spare time, there was all that washing to do. She went with him to the steamboat, got him fixed just to her mind and then kissed him, and the man lifted up his voice as she left and wept like a child. I say we have grown noble in our suffering.

INCIDENT OF WAR.

One of the most interesting incidents of the battle of Bull Run, says a Southern journal, is presented in the case of Willie R. Mangam, son of Ex-Senator Mangam, of North Carolina. This young man was attached to Colonel Fisher's regiment and owes the preservation of his life to a copy of the Bible presented him by his sister. He had the good book in his left coat pocket. It was struck by a ball near the edge, but the book changed the direction of the bullet and it glanced off inflicting a severe but not dangerous flesh wound. The book was saturated with blood, but the advice written on a fly-leaf by the sister who gave it was perfectly legible.

INCIDENT OF ANTIETAM.

In a small clump of woods near the battlefield, the body of a dead Union soldier in a partially upright position was found resting against a tree. The expression of the man's countenance was perfectly natural. In fact he appeared as if he was only asleep. Alongside of him was an old and worn Bible which the poor fellow, knowing his time had come, was reading, and in this way a soldier and Christian he died, and now with thousands of others his grave is unknown.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE WILDERNESS.

In the battle of the Wilderness the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment was in the thick of the fight, and one color bearer after another was shot down almost as fast as the men could be

replaced, but such was the eagerness to keep the flag aloft that at one time two men—Irishmen—caught hold of the standard at once as it was about to fall, and struggled for it. Just then a shot struck the staff cutting it in two and leaving one man with the flag and the other with the broken stick—Bedad, said the man with the short end of the staff, the Rebels have decided for us this time, and went to loading and firing again as coolly as if nothing had happened.

SHOVE THEM ASIDE,

BY H. A. BEACH, FALLS CHURCH, VA.

The following thoughts were suggested on reading a private letter from a member of Congress in which were these words : There seems to be a growing sentiment that the old soldier must get out of the way.

Yes, shove them aside, they have had their day,
They are growing so old and are turning gray,
They've been faithful and true where'er they were tried,
But they've had their day, so shove them aside.
When our banner—imperiled by traitorous thrust—
Was dragged from its hights to be trailed in the dust,
They restored it to wave in its glory and pride,
But they've had their day, so shove them aside.

On the field, where all the fierce passions of hell
Were unloosed, mid the raging of shot and of shell,
They fought till the ground with their rich blood was dyed,
But they're now growing old, so shove them aside.
Their hearts formed a wall that was firm, strong and high,
As broad as our land—towering up to the sky—
A wall that hurled back the threatening tide,
But they're now growing old, so shove them aside.

Did they shirk or turn craven when danger was near?
In the bayonet charge did they falter or fear?
Where Old Glory waved, though death led the ride,
They pushed to the front—but shove them aside.
The war-cloud no longer o'er shadows our sky,
The bright star of peace in the zenith so high,
And the brave boys in blue—never found wanting when tried—
Are now old and gray, so shove them aside.

In the alms house some may find food which they crave,
Send them there or shove them into a grave,
The world's in a hurry—in the on-rushing tide,
They stand in the way, so shove them aside.
In the grave no hunger can come to distress,
No weight of ingratitude there can oppress,
And there undisturbed may our heroes abide,
In that place none care to shove them aside.

They have stood in the way—long enough, long enough,
In the way. When our country needed the stuff
That true men are made of, and foes vainly tried
To break through their ranks and shove them aside,
They have stood in the way 'twixt the right and the wrong,
And "We will die for the right" was their battle song.
They battled—home, country and freedom abide,
For the forces of hell could not shove them aside.

Oh, my countrymen, for whom they fought and bled,
On history's pages shall it of you be said,
That your gratitude was to these heroes denied,
That you gave the thrust and shoved them aside?
God forbid. In your hearts' warmest place give them room,
Give them honor where due, give them love's sweet perfume.
Surround them with comforts as life's ills betide,
It should e'er be your care that they're not shoved aside.

ALEXANDER T. NEWMAN,

Of Company A. 31st Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, was a very quiet soldier. He was always at his post of duty but one of very few words, yet he would often make amusement for some of the boys while in camp. Whenever he was up very early in the morning he would play the part of a rooster. He would flop his arms at his side as a rooster would his wings, then crow. It would be so natural that there would be soldiers around looking for the bird that they had heard, and would really ask if we had seen the rooster, for they had heard it crow and it was so perfect an imitation that no one would know the difference. It was amusing to see their performances, to see who would be the lucky one to get the bird, but Company A always had the bird and he came home with the regiment.

ABEL C. STELLE,

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